

Full Moon: Cloudy Night

The landscape changes at night.
Fixed points shift, quaver—disappear in shadow
To reemerge indistinctly to a sidelong glance
Not too long held.
Hands in front of faces blur.
Features (a hair, a freckle, a knuckle bent in some past pain)
Focus only as they come close.
So we wait for the horizon's moondog bubble to burst
And show us, the magician sky triumphantly turning a card,
The Full Moon.
That high clear clean white light comes, fades
Murked thick over; a white stone seen dimly through
Dark Water.
God's unkept promise, the universe's major disappointment.
Patterns visible are the roiling undersides of clouds.
They break to leave us staring, momentarily blinded,
At the white face and not the light it casts.
The shadows shift but remain expectant, dense.
Sit down, fear the shadows, await an unforgiving dawn.

Slivered Shards

This shapeless bag full of slivered shards,
I've spent months with, with pincers and a glass
Poring, eyes burning and tearing, trying
To find the seams where the pieces went apart.
A relic from some dead time,
It was used to carry wine or oil
To some painted god who looked bored.
A jug, then, and common,
Later, a 'Vase'—stuff of exhibits in sealed glass cases.
Now nothing.
I've kept the ancient bits,
(The pieces change each time I dump them out)
Numbering the numberless piece by piece,
Rearranging them as if to bring that world alive.
Here, on your bed, I'll leave it,
The brown sack carrying all I own of the past.
Some of the shards might work through the fabric
To chafe and scratch you as you sleep.
In the morning brush them away.
Hide the bag, perhaps when I'm not looking,
And when I, slightly panicked, return for it
I will only find you,
And wonder for a moment what it was that's gone.

by John Hamer